

Pursue by alreynolds13

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Language: English

Characters: J. Hopper, OC

Pairings: J. Hopper/OC

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-09-27 16:29:14

Updated: 2019-09-27 16:29:14

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:35:48

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,310

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: How far can you push Hopper before he loses control?

Pursue

Grinning with amusement, you twirled the phone cord around your finger and tried to sound innocent, though you both knew it was all an act. The mission was to drive Chief Jim Hopper mad with lust, and so far, your plan was working brilliantly.

You had been teasing him all day, starting in the morning when he had received a call right as he got to the office. You could practically feel his surprise at your bold words, detailing to him how you were still laying naked in bed and wrapped up in sheets that smelled like him, wishing he was there to satisfy the lust you were currently feeling. He had growled out that you were going to regret teasing him when he got off work, and when you baited him further by saying that maybe you should just pull out your vibrator and pretend it was him, he gave a strangled groan and hung up. You had called about an hour later, and when Flo answered and said Hopper was busy, you asked her to relay the vague message of, "I took care of the situation myself."

It was now his lunch break, and you had, of course, taken advantage of the opportunity to call again, knowing that he couldn't resist his curiosity about what else you'd have to say. You mentioned buying some new lingerie, a black lace teddy that clung to your curves like a second skin.

"The neckline goes down a bit too low, so that I'm almost popping out. And I had *no idea* that the back would be a thong, but oh well, too late to return it now," you said with an exaggerated sigh, listening intently for his response.

Satisfaction darted through you at the unmistakable sound of increased breathing on the other end; you could clearly envision him in his office chair, leaning forward over his desk with a death grip on the receiver. The thought of him sitting there with a hard-on and trying to imagine what you looked like only served to ramp up your own desire, thighs squeezing together where you lounged on the couch in the aforementioned lingerie.

"Don't you want to know why it's too late to return it?" you pouted,

biting your lip to stifle a giggle.

"Why?" His voice was raspy with desire, making it sound so low and commanding that you shivered.

Giving a slow grin, you whispered, "Because I've been wearing it all morning, so it's soaked from me thinking about you."

Dead silence. He must be holding his breath, body taut and unmoving. You knew because you were doing the same thing. Then, the smallest *click*...and the following silence lasted only a few seconds before the beep of a disconnected line sounded.

He hung up?!

Annoyed at the thought of him ending the conversation right as it was getting good, you redialed the station. Poor Flo was probably getting sick of transferring your calls to Hopper's office, but she did so anyways. After the dozenth ring, it was obvious he had either left or was purposely ignoring you. Hanging up the phone, you puffed out an irritated breath that the game was over...for now.

Getting up from the couch, you decided to make a sandwich for lunch. You grabbed your purple house robe and put it on over the black teddy before going to the kitchen to hunt down some lunch meat and bread. You really should go to the store later, seeing as how Hopper's frequent visits had dwindled the fridge down to practically nothing. You and the Chief had officially started dating about six months ago, but it was only the past month or so that he seemed to spend more nights here than at his cabin.

Getting the tall, brooding man's attention hadn't been an easy feat. It had taken weeks of you finding various excuses to stop by the station for him to finally get the hint. He later admitted that his cop buddies had all but begged him to ask you out, and that he genuinely hadn't thought you'd be interested, the silly man. Usually you preferred playing a little harder to get, but from the moment you moved into Hawkins and met Chief Jim Hopper, you wanted him. And if you had to act a little too obviously interested to get his attention, then so be it. Otherwise he'd have never gotten a clue, since he'd had some warped idea that you were too young and pretty for him.

But once you had gone on that first date, the rest was history. It had been hot and heavy from the start, especially after he'd asked what you were doing at Enzo's with *him* and not someone younger and more carefree, someone who had their life together. You had smiled, grabbed his hand where it laid on the table, and told him that none of the youthful *boys* around town made you wet with just one glance, and none of them made you feel both recklessly turned on and completely safe at the same time. But he did.

He had practically eye-fucked you for the rest of dinner, and you barely made it back to your place in one piece, Hopper unable to keep both hands on the wheel during the drive there. He had fucked you up against the wall right inside the front door, and it would be a miracle if the neighbors hadn't heard your screams of ecstasy.

The chemistry between the two of you was off the charts, and it was by far the best sex you'd ever had. Just the thought of the things Hopper could do, of the reactions he was able to elicit from your body, had a shiver going down your spine as you cut the sandwich in half and took a bite.

You had just finished chewing and swallowing when there came the unmistakable sound of tires screeching recklessly into the driveway, followed shortly by the loud slam of a car door. Putting down the sandwich, you walked from the kitchen into the living room. Right as you were starting to feel a bit alarmed, someone came up the front steps and crossed the porch, and your worry instantly turned into excitement. Those heavy, booted steps could only belong to one man...

Standing there with bated breath, you heard the key you had recently given him turn in the lock, anticipation making your thighs clench. The door swung open and there he was, filling the entrance with his broad shoulders, gaze immediately zeroing in on where you stood in the middle of the living room. He walked inside, the door slamming slightly as he forcibly closed it with his boot. Dressed in his snug Chief's uniform, your mouth watered at the sight of all that sexually frustrated man focused in your direction. His eyes trailed down over your form, nostrils flaring as he realized that all that stood between him and the lingerie you had teased him about was a thin layer of purple terry cloth.

He took a step forward, but then halted when you danced backwards two steps. Brows furrowing, he took another step to test the waters, and sure enough, you backed up again. A teasing smile and cocked eyebrow signaled your enjoyment of the game, though Hopper looked far from amused. He suddenly came at you with a growl, but before he could get within arm's reach, you turned with a squeal and fled.

Adrenaline, fueled by a mixture of fear and excitement, pumped through your veins as bare feet darted from the living room and across cool kitchen tiles. The roles were suddenly switched from earlier, and the pursuer was now the prey.

Skidding around the counter island in the kitchen, you grabbed the edge of the surface to help halt your forward movement, breath accelerated as you saw Hopper storm into the room only a second later. He eyed the counter with disdain then looked up and locked eyes with you, the intensity in his stare causing hair to stand up on the back of your neck.

"You're only digging yourself a deeper grave, sweetheart," came the gruff warning.

"That so?" you taunted back. "Guess you'll just have to punish me then...if you think you're quick enough, old man."

You saw the flash of anger in his eyes at your jab a split second before he charged around the counter on your right. Almost falling for it, you started to run to the left before realizing at the last second that he had only feinted going one way before abruptly turning around and charging the opposite. His intent was to cut you off before you could make it out of the kitchen, but you ruined the plan by skidding to a stop on the tiles. He was almost within arm's reach when you flew back the other way, careening around the same side of the counter you had entered from and making a break across the kitchen back towards the living room.

Heart in your throat, you sprinted through the lower level of the house, the bottom of the robe flapping out behind you like a beacon. There was a dart of euphoric satisfaction that you had thwarted him, as you beelined straight for the staircase with the goal of making it to

the bedroom and closing the door. If you could get it locked in time, then it would be beyond entertaining to see what his next move would be. Images of him begging you to open the door and let him in flashed through your mind, making you smirk with sadistic glee. However, you should've known he wouldn't let you get that far. Despite his size, Hopper was swifter and lighter on his feet than most people would suspect. In fact, you'd later look back and wonder if he had purposely let you *think* you were winning, and had actually been toying with you the entire time before waiting for the perfect moment to swoop in and capture his prey.

You hadn't even heard him gaining on you, so it came as a surprise when you only made it halfway up the staircase before strong fingers wrapped around your ankle, causing you to fall to your knees on the carpeted steps with a cry. Refusing to admit defeat, you continued to try and move forward, leg kicking against his grip, but he was unrelenting. You felt him come up the steps behind you, the presence of his large body hovering expectantly, waiting for you to turn over and accept your fate.

"You should know better than to run from the police, baby," he drawled in a raspy, lust-ridden voice.

A shudder of arousal went through you at the words, and you slowly turned over onto your back, his hand still holding your ankle captive. He was looming over you, his broad frame blocking out the rest of the world. Looking up at his face, you saw that his pupils were blown wide with lust. The sight caused a smirk to twitch at the edges of your lips, satisfied to know that you weren't the only one physically affected by all of this.

"You think this is funny?" he growled menacingly, leaning down until his face was inches from your own. "Did you enjoy making me chase after you? Perhaps I should show you what happens to bad little girls who play games with the chief."

With that, his grip left your ankle as he all but tore into the tie of your robe, flinging it open and off your body. A groan of masculine arousal accompanied his hand diving between your legs, and you gave a soft cry at the feel of his fingers pressing into the soaked crotch of the teddy.

"You weren't lying about not being able to return this, baby. Even if the wetness wasn't enough evidence, they'd be able to smell your cunt on it from a mile away."

Gasping at his filthy words, you were so focused on arching up into his fingers for more friction that you barely registered the sound of clinking metal. The realization of what he was doing hit a second too late, as Hopper lifted his hand from your crotch, grabbed both your wrists, and had the handcuffs clicked into place in the span of mere seconds. Even though it was futile, you still pulled at the cuffs, which only served to press the unrelenting metal into your flesh. You gave a huff of frustration that instantly turned into a squeal of surprise when he picked you up off the steps and threw you over his shoulder. Desire swirled in you at how his strength made you feel light as a feather, while the world also swirled as your head was suddenly upside down and staring at an absolutely delectable ass in tight, beige pants.

Your own ass must've also been a distraction, as a warm hand came down with a smack on your left buttock that was bared by the thong of the teddy. He gave a second smack to the other cheek, causing you to groan and clench your fingers into the back of his shirt as he started up the rest of the steps and down the hall towards the bedroom.

Once inside the room, he tossed you down onto the bed, back bouncing on the mattress from the force. Immediately trying to roll over and away, unwilling to admit defeat, your escape plan was cut short before it even began. His unyielding body came down over your own, thick thighs straddling your waist as he gathered your cuffed wrists in one hand and pinned them to the mattress above your head.

Leaning down, he took your earlobe between his teeth before whispering, "Ah ah, baby. None of that. I caught you fair and square, and now you're mine."

Shivering at both the feel of his mouth and the words coming out of it, your body squirmed underneath him with anticipation, declaring its surrender without your brain's permission. Moving down to your neck, he sucked the flesh roughly, bringing blood to the surface so that you'd carry the mark of his possession around for days to come.

The hand not holding your wrists captive ran down over your side, mapping the curves of your waist and thigh, his calloused fingers causing goosebumps to erupt on your flesh. He continued to skim past the places that wanted his touch the most, tracing fingertips lightly along the sides of your breasts in the black lace and along your lower stomach, before changing direction up and away from the part of you that wept for him. He caressed you slowly until every nerve ending was straining for him to do more, to give your body what it was craving. In response to your panting whimpers, he brought his mouth up to hover mere centimeters from your own, teasing you with his warm breaths.

"What wrong, baby? I thought you enjoyed playing games?"

Damn him to hell. You had no clue how he still had any control left, but apparently he was keeping a tight rein on his desire until he paid you back in full for your earlier teasing. You had meant to drive *him* mad with lust and be in control of the situation, but had apparently underestimated Hopper's revenge tactics, which left *you* as the one panting and begging for more.

Giving a groan of frustration when both large hands lifted from your body, you felt cold and bereft. Frustration turned to excitement at the sight of his fingers undoing the front of his pants, and you subconsciously licked your lips at the sight. Giving a deep chuckle at the motion, Hopper rasped, "Yea, you got the right idea, baby."

When the pants were unbuttoned and unzipped, he reached inside and pulled out his thick cock, the tip already weeping with desire. Unable to help the impulse, you lowered your hands towards it like a moth to flame, but they were grabbed roughly before you could even make contact. Shoving them back into the mattress above your head as he once more covered your body with his own, he leaned down and growled, "You want to be my good girl, don't you?"

A raspy moan and frantic nod was your response, the teddy becoming even more soaked at his words. A slow, arrogant smirk curled his lips; Hopper knew how much you got off on being praised, and he wasn't afraid to use that knowledge to his advantage.

"Then do as I say and keep your hands just like that, sweetheart. If

you don't move them while I fuck your pretty little mouth, then maybe I'll let you come."

Another panting nod was all you could manage at the moment, your gaze fixated on the cock bobbing closer to you as he moved up the bed until he was straddling your shoulders. Grabbing his dick with one large hand, he gave a few slow, rolling strokes before placing the tip against your lips.

"Open up, baby. Time to show the chief what a good little cock sucker you are."

You obeyed instantly, lips parting on a moan as Hopper fed you his cock. He started off slow and easy, barely moving his hips, which automatically motivated you to take control. Moving your head back and forth, you took him in with no added assistance. Grunts of pleasure fell from above as your tongue swirled around his tip and mouth worked his length. Looking upwards, you felt another gush of wetness between your legs at the sight of Hopper staring back down at you, heavy-lidded gaze focused on the sight of his cock disappearing between your lips.

Suddenly, he went from passive recipient to once more being in charge. His hand grabbed the back of your head and pulled forward while thrusting his hips. The movement forced his cock down your throat until his balls hit your chin and dark pubic hair tickled your nose, a strangled, *fuck* coming from the man above you. Eyes instantly watering as you gave a slight gag, you looked up at Hopper pleadingly, even though you knew the sadistic part of him loved watching you struggle to take him.

It was all you could do to keep your wrists in place and not try to buck him off, but then his other hand came down and gently cupped your face as he rumbled, "What a good girl. You look so fucking sexy while choking on my dick, baby. I can't decide if I want to come down your throat or wait until I get in that beautiful pussy."

His words caused your throat to instantly relax and loosen in submission, while your pussy clenched tightly with jealousy that it wasn't the one being currently filled. As if he knew your body's new dilemma, he reached back and down between your legs, which

instantly spread to make room for his hand. Shoving the soaked fabric to the side, he ran a thick finger down your slit, causing your hips to buck and throat to moan around his cock, the vibrations wringing a strangled snarl from his lips. Two fingers easily slid inside your dripping cunt, his thrusts accompanied by the sloppy wet sounds of your arousal gushing around his digits. You felt dizzy, both with desire and the lack of oxygen, as you laid there with his dick down your throat, clenching on his fingers. Both your mouth and pussy provided him with a warm, wet welcome and begged for more, the two of you groaning simultaneously at the sensations.

Disappointment and oxygen hit your lungs when he suddenly pulled out of your mouth, a long string of saliva hanging precariously between the tip of his cock and your lower lip before it broke and fell. Giving a cough and taking a deep gasp of air, you felt his fingers also leave your body as he reached into the front pocket of his undone pants and pulled out a set of keys. It was obvious by his pulsing, reddened cock that he had been close to coming but decided to wait until he got between your thighs, a decision which made your cunt pulse in eager anticipation.

Jingling the keys teasingly between his fingers, he said, "You still going to be a good girl if I take these off?"

Nodding frantically, you arched your body underneath him, panting, "Yes! Please, Jim!"

Satisfied with your submissive response, he leaned up over your head, and you felt the cuffs fall away as he unlocked them. He set both cuffs and keys on the bedside table before taking a moment to bring your wrists down in front of his face, rubbing them gently while inspecting to make sure there hadn't been any damage done. The gesture sent a flutter through your chest; even during intense moments such as this, Hopper's protectiveness still reared its head, reinforcing that you were always safe with him.

Once satisfied with his inspection, he moved off the bed before turning to fix desire-blazed eyes on you, thighs spread and chest panting as you awaited his next move. Without hesitation, he reached down and shoved the teddy's straps off your shoulders, roughly peeling it down your body as if he were a kid tearing into a long-

awaited present on Christmas morning. The fabric scraped down over your rock-hard nipples, causing a faint shiver, then was pulled off your hips and legs so that the cool air of the room hit your desire-glazed cunt.

"Fuck, you're beautiful."

Smiling at his praise, you arched your back a little and cupped both hands under your breasts, offering yourself up to him.

The animalistic sound that came from his throat sent chills down your spine, and he wasted no time in tearing off his uniform. You watched greedily as more and more skin was revealed, biting your bottom lip to muffle the moan of arousal when he stood naked and proud. You got a fine view of his muscled ass when he walked across the room to his chest of drawers, yanking the top one open and pulling out a condom. He came back but stopped at the foot of the bed, his sharp gaze searing a path down the length of your curves before lifting and locking onto your own.

"Be a good girl and get on your hands and knees for the chief, baby," he commanded in his best cop voice while tearing open the condom and rolling it down his throbbing cock.

Body begging to be filled, you immediately obeyed, flipping onto all fours on the mattress, ass up and legs widely parted in presentation. Unable to resist a little teasing, you slowly rocked your hips back and forth while looking over your shoulder at him with a knowing grin. A jolt of excitement went through you at the expletive hissed from a clenched jaw, his predatory gaze raking downward, greedily taking in the way you were spread out on the bed and waiting for him. He had frozen for a moment with your movement, but quickly recovered and moved forward onto the bed at record speed, his body radiating heat and hunger as it came up behind your own.

His rough hands trailed down over your sides while his cock bumped against your inner thighs, causing a shudder to ripple along your flesh. Arching back into him, you let out a whine of impatience, tired of the games and just wanting him to fuck you.

Knowing you were getting desperate, he leaned down so his front fit

to your back with mouth at your nape, as he whispered, "You ready for my cock, sweetheart?"

His words stole your breath, so that you could only nod frantically before pulling enough oxygen to breath out a shaky, "Yes."

Unable to deny both of you any longer, he reached down with one hand to line his dick up at your entrance, and slowly pushed inside. Mewling with pleasure, you tried to widen your thighs even more on the mattress and gripped the bedspread as your walls stretched around his thick length. Fuck, but he was big, and your body never failed to remind you of that. No matter how many times the two of you had sex, that slight burn of possession always made itself known during that first thrust.

Once he was balls deep, he went still for a few long moments, both of you savoring the feel of him deep inside. Then he planted his left hand down on top of your own on the mattress, the gesture dominant and possessive, yet also reassuring, while his other hand snaked around the front of your waist and dove between your open thighs. The tips of his fingers unerringly found your swollen clit, zeroing in with tight, fast circles in the rhythm needed to make you moan and instinctively push back into him. If there was one thing Hopper had learned over the past months of dating, it was exactly how to touch you in a way guaranteed to make come.

And if there was one thing *you* had learned about Hopper, it was that dirty talk affected him just as much as it did you.

"You can go again later, right?" you tried to sound seductive and saucy, but it came out as more of a breathless whimper.

"Was that an insult, little girl? You think I can't keep up with you?" he growled in your ear, fingers speeding up into even faster and tighter circles on your bundle of nerves.

Shaking your head, you gasped, "I just really...w-want...I want to..."

"Want to what?"

Almost convulsing at the carnal, deep command in his voice, you

panted loudly for a few moments before answering. "I want to finish what I started...suck you off. I want to feel you come in my mouth." The words were puffed out in a rush at the end, head dropping forward from the overwhelming pleasure of his body over and in yours.

"Fuck," was the only verbal response, followed by the hand on top of yours lifting to grip tightly onto your hip. His thrusts increased until you had to clench the bedspread for dear life to keep from being forced face-first into the headboard.

Even though it was usually *him* using filthy words to take control, to make you beg and come, the idea of turning the tables caused more wetness to run down your thighs. He might be dominating your body right now, but you had the key to dominating his mind.

"Do you want that? Me taking your cock in my mouth, deep down my throat."

"Sweetheart..." he groaned warningly, his hips stuttering out of rhythm for a moment as he fought off his orgasm. The fingers at your hip dug in painfully as he jackhammered into you, while his other hand kept its punishing rhythm on your clit. Toes curling, you could feel him start to lose his iron-tight control, and fuck if that didn't amp your own arousal up to new heights.

"I want it...I want to suck your dick and...swallow every drop of your cum," you gasped between heaving breaths.

"Jesus fuck!" he cried, and a dart of triumph went through you as he upped his movements in a way that was pure carnal instinct, his control flying out the window and body taking over. Cock pounding so hard that his balls slapped your clit with each thrust, the wet sounds coming from your bodies was so obscenely erotic that you could only moan in response and hold on. The coil drew tighter until you were unable to speak even if you wanted to, knuckles turning white and every muscle in your body tensed as you hurtled towards the peak.

With an animalistic groan, Hopper went over the edge, his large body shaking behind yours as the throes of ecstasy hit him. Not wanting to

leave you behind, he kept thrusting, trying to drag you down with him. When his hand lifted away for a split second, only to then come down hard in a slap directed perfectly on your throbbing clit, you exploded. Sparks of pleasure radiated through your entire body, making your back arch and cunt pulse as you wordlessly cried out Hopper's name like a litany.

It took a while to come down from the high, both your bodies shuddering against one another with aftershocks. Giving a whimper when his now-limp cock left your body, you collapsed onto your side at the same time he also rolled onto the bed. Snuggling up behind you, his body spooned along your own so you could still feel his chest rapidly rising and falling, his breaths loudly puffed out against the back of your neck and causing goosebumps on your sweat-dampened flesh.

You laid there in silence for a couple minutes, just soaking in the moment and allowing your heart rates to slow down to a more normal rhythm. Rolling over to face Hopper, you ran soothing fingers over his chest and looked up at him, happy to see his usual brooding expression had relaxed and the usual lines of tension he carried in his face and shoulders had eased.

"So?" you asked expectantly, trying not to grin when his eyebrows raised in question.

"So, what?" he grumbled, voice already taking on a sleepy quality that let you know he wouldn't be conscious for much longer.

"So...was I a good girl? Or do I need to try again?"

His eyes, which had been drifting shut, shot back open and locked onto yours. He studied you intently, cop face firmly in place. "Ma'am, are you purposely trying to kill me? Because murdering a police officer is a serious offense."

Giggling with delight, which made his own lips curl upwards at the edges, you leaned in and whispered against his lips, "Even more serious than running from said police officer?"

Closing the distance so that his mouth covered your own, he kissed

you breathless before pulling back and murmuring, "They're both serious, and you'll be punished accordingly once I get feeling back in my legs."

Smiling, you traced fingers down along the side of his stubbled cheek and across his strong jaw. "I think it was only fair, considering."

"Hmm?" was the rumbled response, his eyes once again closed.

"I just figured that after all the pursuing I did in the beginning to get your attention, it was about time you were the one who had to chase me."

Groaning in exasperation, he wrapped large arms around your waist and pulled you in close, body pressed full-length against his own. "You and the boys at the station are never going to move on and let me live that down, are you?" This was murmured in a low tone that let you know he wouldn't be conscious for much longer, and you internally preened that he was so worn out.

Since it was obvious he didn't plan on returning to work anytime soon, you laid your head on the pillow next to his with a contented sigh. A quick nap couldn't hurt before you roused him for round two and made good on your dirty words from earlier. You could hardly wait to try and make him lose control again, and maybe you could even sneak those handcuffs back in somehow.

A soft snore broke the silence, Hopper unable to stay conscious long enough to finish the teasing conversation. However, knowing he was asleep made you bold enough to answer his question in a more honest way, the words a whispered confession of commitment.

"If it means more afternoons like this, then no, I won't move on...ever."